

# THE POMEGRANATE

**T**HREE are not so many Ante-reeyeh (story-tellers) in Cairo now (said my acquaintance, Hassan of the Scent Bazaar, staring, reflectively, at two American ladies paying fabulous prices for the goods of his mendacious neighbor on the left). They have adopted other, and more lucrative, professions; but in my father's time, it was an excellent business.

For one thing, the stories which you call the "Arabian Nights" are no longer recited, because they are said to be unlucky. This has considerably reduced the story-teller's stock in trade; for unless a man is blessed with much originality he cannot well refrain from using in his narratives some part of the thousand and one tales.

To this day, however, there is in the city of Cairo a tale-teller of much repute. With his tale-telling he combines the profession of a barber; and, like the famous barber of the "Arabian Nights," bears the nickname es-Samit (the Silent). An old man is this es-Samit, who no more will know his ninetieth year, of dark countenance, and white beard and eyebrows, with small ears, like the ears of a gazelle, and a long nose like that of a camel, and a haughty aspect. This barber enjoys every comfort in his declining years by reason of his amusing manner, and because his ridiculous stories and disclosures respecting his six brothers (for in all things he resembles, or claims to resemble, his famous namesake) divert all who hear them, causing him whose bosom is contracted with woe to swoon with excessive laughter, and filling the saddest heart with joy; such is the absurd loquacity and impertinence of the barber called es-Samit, the Silent.

It chanced one day that I found myself at the wedding festivities of a prosperous merchant distantly related to me; and for the entertainment of his guests this wealthy man, in addition to the usual dances and songs, had engaged es-Samit to divert us with one of his untruthful stories. In order to refresh the Antereyeh's mendacity, the host thus addressed the barber:

"O Es-Samit, thou silent one, it hath come to my ears that in thine exceeding paucity of speech thou hast omitted, hitherto, to relate the story of thy seventh brother. Since thou hast a seventh brother, let not thy love of silence (in thee even greater than in thy famous ancestor) deprive us of a knowledge of his depravity, but acquaint us with his case."

"O Merchant Prince!" replied the barber, "to none other than thyself—so handsome, so liberal and of such excellent morality—would I break my vow, to speak of that wretched villain, that malevolent mule, that vilest of the vile, my twin brother, Ahzab."

My cousin, feigning astonishment at the manner of his speech, said:

"Thy twin brother, O Es-Samit, was not, like thee, a man of rectitude, of exalted mind, and of enlightened intelligence?"

"Alas!" replied the barber, "he was a dog of the most mongrel kind. My bosom is pierced when I utter his accursed name! At the hands of Ahzab, my twin brother, I met with every indignity, and with penalties of a most unfortunate description."

When the host heard this he laughed exceedingly, saying:

"Acquaint us, O Es-Samit, with his shameless misdeeds."

The barber, sighing as though his soul sought rest from all earthly afflictions, proceeded as follows:

"Know, O light of my eyes, that my other brother, Ahzab, was born in the city of Cairo, and his birth was unattended by a darkening of the sun and other unpleasant calamities only by reason of the fact that I was born in the same hour."

My twin brother, Ahzab, was blessed with handsome stature, an elegant shape, a perfect figure, with cheeks like roses, with eyebrows meeting above an aquiline nose brightly shining. In short, this shame of my mother was endowed with all those perfections which Allah (whose name be exalted) had also bestowed upon me; but his heart was the serpent, and he lacked the nobility of mind which thou hast observed in thy servant, O paragon of wisdom!"

When we were yet in the bloom and blossom of handsome youth, a dispute arose between us, and for many moons I saw not Ahzab, but pursued my occupation as a barber and teller of wonderful stories in a distant part of the city. In this way it befell that I knew of his state only by report, until one day as I sat before my shop observing if the ascendant of the hour were favorable to one who waited to be shaved, there came to me a negro most handsomely dressed, who said:

"My master, Ahzab the merchant,

wishes that you repair as soon as possible to his magazine. He hath urgent need of thee."

Upon hearing these words, and observing the richness of the negro's apparel, I perceived that those reports which had come to me, respecting Ahzab's wealth, were no more than true, and I spoke thus to myself:

"Within the vilest heart may bloom the flower of brotherly affection. Ahzab desires to share with me, the most enlightened of his family, this good fortune which hath befallen him."

Accordingly, I shut up my shop, dismissing the one who waited to be shaved, and followed the black to the Khan Khalili, where were the shops of the wealthy silk merchants. My brother received me affectionately, embracing me and saying:

"O Es-Samit, ever have I loved thee. Lo! Thou growest more like myself each year. Save that thou art more dignified and noble. Enter into this private apartment with me, for it is important that no one shall see thee."

Much surprised at his words, I followed him to an elegant apartment above the shop, and there he ordered the servants to roast a lamb and to bring us fruit and wine, and while we thus pleasantly employed ourselves, he unfolded to me his case.

"Know, O my brother, that I have accumulated great wealth; and this I have done by observing those wise precepts of conduct laid down by thee. By the charm of my speech, which I have fashioned upon thine, and the elegance of my manner, in which I have, though poorly, imitated thine own, and by the dignity and the modesty of my conduct, I have endeared all hearts and am esteemed above all the other merchants in Cairo.

"It is necessary that I repair to Damascus, and during my absence I wish nothing better than that thou shouldst take my place here. This will be favorable to both of us; for I will reward thy services with five hundred piastres and an interest in my affairs, and thou wilt pass for me; for all will say, Lo! Ahzab, the merchant, waxes more handsome each day such is the benign influence of righteous prosperity and conscious rectitude!" My affairs stand thus and thus, and my steward, who will be in our confidences, will acquaint thee with all matters necessary. Thou wilt wear my costly garments, and sit in my shop. Each evening thou wilt secretly repair to thine own abode."

Upon hearing those words, my bosom swelled with joy; for I observed that Ahzab had not failed to perceive my exalted qualities. We sat far into the night in conversation respecting our plans; and on the following day Ahzab having departed secretly for Damascus, I repaired to his shop, as arranged, and took my seat there.

By the number of the persons who saluted me, and by the manner of their speech, I perceived, more and more, the great prosperity of my brother; and being of a thoughtful mind, I passed the days very pleasantly in contemplation of my good fortune.

Upon the fourth day after the departure of my brother, as I sat in his shop, there came past a damsel accompanied by female attendants. This damsel was riding upon a mule with a richly embroidered saddle, with stirrups of gold, and she was covered with an izar of exquisite fabric, and about her slender waist was a girdle of gold-embroidered silk. I was stricken speechless with the beauty and elegance of her form; and when she alighted and came into the shop, the odors of sweet perfumes were diffused from her, and she captivated my reason by her loveliness.

Seating herself beside me, she raised her izar, and I beheld her black eyes, and they surpassed in beauty the eyes of all human beings, and were like the eyes of the gazelle. She had a mouth like the seal of Suleyman, and hair blacker than the night of affliction; a forehead like the new moon of Ramadan, and cheeks like anemones, with lips fresher than rose petals, teeth like pearls from the sea of distraction, and a neck surpassing in whiteness molten silver, above a form that put to shame the willow branch.

She spoke to me, saying:

"Oh, Ahzab! I have returned, as I promised thee!"

At the sound of her voice, by Allah (whose name be exalted!) I was entangled in the snare of her love; fire was burning up my heart on her account; a consuming flame increased within my bosom, and my reason was drowned in the sea of my desire.

Perceiving my state, she quickly lowered her veil in pretended displeasure, and desired to look at some pieces of silk. While she thus employed herself, she surpassed the branches in the beauty of her bending motions, and my eyes could not re-

move themselves from her. I thus communed with myself:

"O Es-Samit, thou didst contract with thy brother to do this and that, and to render unto him a proper account of thy dealings. But though he hath made thee no mention of his affair with this damsel, it is important that thou conducteth this matter as he would have done, so that he can not reproach thee with negligence!" For I was ever a just as well as a discreet and silent man.

Accordingly I spoke as follows:

"O my mistress, who art the most lovely person God has created, rend not my heart with thy displeasure, but take pity upon me. Know that love is difficult, and the concealment of it melteth iron and occasioneth disease and infirmity. Thou hast returned as thou didst promise; therefore I conjure thee, conceal not thy face from thy slave!"

The damsel thereupon raised her head and put aside her veil, casting a glance upon me, and looked sideways at the attendants, and placed one finger upon her lips; so that I knew her to be as discreet as she was lovely. She laughed in my face, and said:

"I will take this piece of embroidered silk that I have chosen. What is the price?"

And I answered:

"One hundred piasters; but I pray thee let it be thine, and a gift from Ahzab!"

Upon this she looked into my eyes and the sight of her face drew from me a thousand sighs, and took the silk, saying:

"O my master, leave me not desolate!"

So she departed, while I continued sitting in the market street until past the hour of afternoon prayer, with disturbed mind enslaved by her beauty and loveliness. I returned to my house and supper was placed before me, but reflecting upon the damsel, I could eat nothing. I laid myself down to rest, but passed the whole night sleepless, communing with myself how I could best carry out this affair and obtain possession of the damsel \* \* \* for my brother, Ahzab!

Scarcely had daybreak appeared when I arose and repaired to the market-place and put on a suit of my brother's clothing, richer and more magnificent than that I had worn the day before; and, having drunk a cup of wine, I sat in the shop. But all that day she came not, nor the next, but upon the third day she came again, attended only by one attendant, and she saluted me and said in a speech never surpassed in softness and sweetness:

"O my master, reproach me not that I thus reveal the interest I have in thee, but I could not speak to thee when my women were in hearing; and this one is in my confidence. I have told thee that my father will never give me to thee because of my rank, but thou hast wounded my heart, and more and more do I love thee each day—for each day thou growest more beautiful and elegant. Forever I must be desolate. Alas! I have placed thy letter in the box thou didst give me, and no day passes that it is not wet with my tears. Farewell! O my beloved!"

On hearing this my love and passion grew so violent that I almost became insensible. The damsel rose to leave the shop, and the one who was with her spoke softly in her ear; but she shook her head, expressing displeasure, and went away.

When I perceived that indeed she was gone verily the tears descended upon my cheek like rain and my soul had all but departed. My heart clung to her—I followed in the direction of her steps through the market place, and lo! the attendant came running back to me, and said:

"Here is the message of my mistress: 'Know that my love is greater than thine, and on Friday next my servant will come to thee and tell thee how thou mayest see me for a short interview before my father comes back from prayers.'"

When I heard these words of the girl the anguish of my heart ceased and I was intoxicated with love and rapture, and in my joy and longing I omitted to ask the girl the abode of her mistress; neither did I know the name of my beloved; but, reflecting upon these matters, I returned to my brother's shop and sat there until late, and then I repaired secretly to my abode.

I paused in a quiet street and seated myself upon a mastabah to scent the coolness of the air and to abandon myself to exquisite reflections.

But no sooner had I thus seated myself than a negro of gigantic stature and most hideous aspect suddenly appeared from the shadow of a door and threw himself upon me, exclaiming:



"SEATING HERSELF BESIDE ME, SHE RAISED HER IZAR AND I BEHELD HER BLACK EYES."

"This is thine end, as it was written, O Ahzab the merchant!"

By Allah (whose name be exalted), I thought it was even as he said; and none but myself had fallen into sudden dissolution, but that everything slippery is not a pancake, and the jar that is struck may yet escape unbroken.

So it befell that by great good fortune and by the exercise of my agility and intelligence I tripped the negro, and his head came in contact with the mastabah, and before he could recover himself I held to his ebony throat the blade of a razor which, by the mercy of God and because it was a custom of my profession, I carried in my kamar.

"O thou dog!" I exclaimed, "prepare to depart to that utter darkness and perdition that awaits assassins! For assuredly I am about to slay thee!"

But he humbled himself to the ground before me and embraced my feet, crying:

"Have mercy, O my master! I but obeyed the commands."

"Of whom, thou vile and unnamable vermin?" I asked of him.

"Of whom else but Abu-el-Hassan, the son of the Kadi! For hath he not revealed to thee that for what has passed with Julianar (Pomegranate Flower), the daughter of the Wall, he will slay thee?"

"He hath revealed this to me?" I asked of him, astonished at his words.

And he replied: "Thou knowest, master, it was by my hand that the message was borne."

Whereupon I praised Allah (whose name be exalted) and spurned the slave with my foot, saying:

"Depart, O thou black son of filth, and report that I am dead. I give thee thy wretched life; depart!"

But when he had gone I again lifted up my voice in thanksgiving. And having come to my abode, I performed the preparatory ablution, and recited the prayer of nightfall, after which I recited the chapters "Ya-Sin" (The Cow) and "Two Preventatives." For I perceived that this was the true purport of my brother's absence, and that in his love and affection he had resigned to me this affair, well knowing that I should persist.

It was by the mercy of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, that my case was not as he had foreseen. The

damsel called Julianar, daughter of the Wall, was famed from Cairo to the uttermost islands of China for her elegance and loveliness, and I knew that my beloved could be none other than she, and that Abu-el-Hassan, son of the kadi, could be none other than the betrothed chosen of her father the Wall.

I slept not that night, but passed the hours until sunrise reflecting upon this matter, and upon the dangers which awaited my father's handsome son on Friday. And I went not to the market on the next day, but sent a message to my brother's steward saying that I was smitten with sickness, and enjoining him to acquaint the girl, who presently would come, where I was to be found.

Thus it befell that at noon on Friday the same girl that had been with Julianar came to me, sent thither from the shop of Ahzab by the steward, saying:

"O my master, answer the summons of my mistress. This is the plan that I have proposed to her: Conceal thyself within one of the large chests that are in thy shop, and hire a porter to carry thee to the house of the Wall. I will cause the bowbab to admit the chest to the apartment of the Lady Julianar. She doth trust her honor to thy discretion, by reason of her love for thee, and because she will die if she see thee not to bid thee farewell. I will arrange for thee to be secretly conveyed from the house ere the Wall returns."

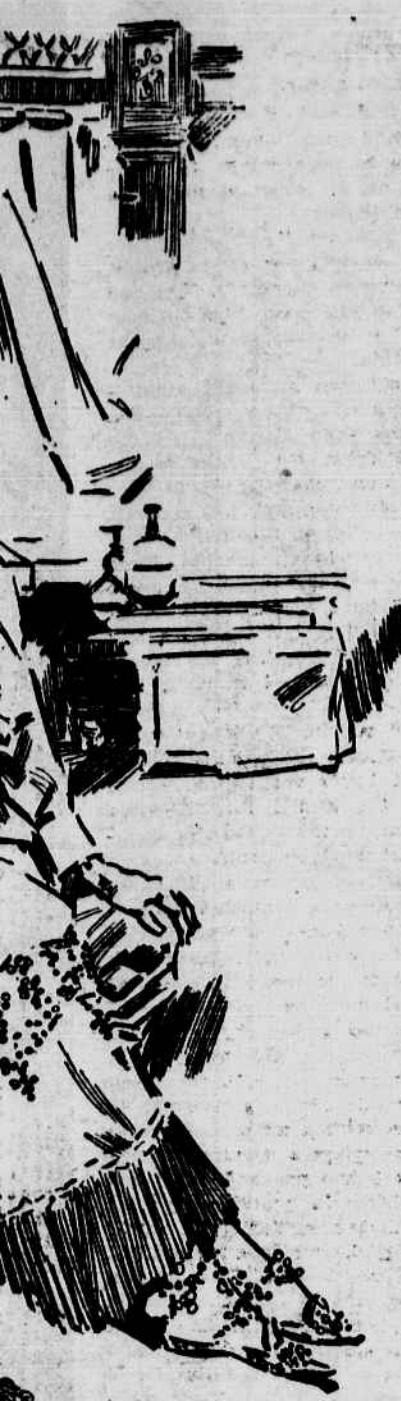
And at her words I was like to have swooned with ecstasy, and I forgot, in the transport of love and delight, the black assassin and the threatened vengeance of Abu-el-Hassan. I set at naught my fears at trusting my father's favorite son within the walls of the Wall's house.

I thought only of Julianar of the slender waist and heavy hips, of the dewy lips, more intoxicating than wine, and the eyes of my beloved like wells of temptation to swallow up the souls of men.

I shaved and went to the bath, and repaired to the shop of Ahzab. My brother's steward was not there, whereat I rejoiced, and arrayed myself in the most splendid suit that I could find, and having perfumed myself with essences and sweet scents, I summoned a boy and said:

"Go thou and bring here a porter."

# FLOWER



had done and prayed a happy solution of my dangerous case.

Whether as a result of my fears, I know not, but some arrangement was come to, and the porter once more raised the chest, and, striking my head upon the end of it at each step, bore me up to the apartments of Julianar, which I thus entered feet first.

He deposited the box, lid downward, upon the soft mattress of a divan, so that I found myself upon all fours like a mule, with my face between my hands! Ere I could break my habitual silence he lifted some heavy piece of furniture—I know not what—and placed it on top of the box!

A voice sweeter than the songs of the Daood spoke:

"Slave! what art thou doing?"

"I am thy slave!" spoke another voice, at the accursed sound whereof I almost died of spleen. "Knowest thou me not, my beloved? I have devised a new stratagem and come to thee in the guise of a porter! But lo! beneath my uncomely garments I am Ahzab, thy lover!"

As a man who sleeps ill after a protracted feast, I heard her answer, saying:

"Is it true thou hast come to me, or is this a dream?"

"Verily, it is true!" answered the accursed, the vile, the unspeakable Ahzab, my brother—for it was he. "From the time when I first saw thee, neither sleep hath been sweet to me, nor hath wine possessed the slightest flavor! I have come to thee thus, fragrant bloom of the pomegranate, because I would not have thee see me in a posture so undignified as that of one crouched in a box! So that thy people might be compelled to give me access to thine apartments, I have put a mendicant in my place, rendering the chest heavy."

And she said, "Thou art welcome!" and embraced him.

By Allah (whose name be exalted), I knew my beard until I choked!

"Thou art changed, beloved!" she said to him; "thou art always beautiful, but today thou seemest less rosy-cheeked to mine eyes!"

The accursed Ahzab, like an enraged mule, kicked the box wherein I dissolved in flames of wrath.

"I am burnt up with love and longing for thee!" he replied. "O my love! how beautiful thou art!"

Whereat my command of silence forbade me! As Allah is the one god, and Mohammed his only prophet, I became as one possessed of a devil!

"Rotter!" I cried; and my words lost themselves within the box. "Cheat! Accursed disgrace of my father! Infamy of my race! O dog! O unutterable dirt!"

Julianar cried out in fear, but my accursed brother took her in his bosom, soothing her with soft words.

"Fear not, O my beloved!" he said. "I gave the mendicant wine that his heart might warm to his lowly task, but I fear he has become intoxicated!"

"O thou liar!" I cried. "O malevolent scoundrel! Son of a disease!" And with all my strength I sought to raise the weight that bore me down; but to no purpose.

"Know, my beloved," continued my thrice-accursed brother, "what I have suffered on thy account. But three days since I was attacked by four gigantic negro assassins dispatched by Abu-el-Hassan to slay me! But I vanquished them, killing one and maiming a second, while the others escaped and ran back to their wretched master."

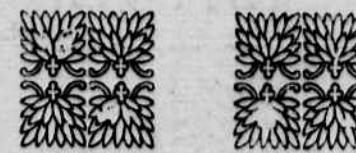
"O unutterable liar!" I groaned. For I was near to hastening my predestined end both from suffocation and consuming rage. "Thou didst fly, thou jackal! from that peril, and reapest the fruits of my courage and dexterity! O mud! O stench."

"Lest he should dispatch a number too great for me to combat, I have lurked in hiding, delight of souls! in a most filthy hovel belonging to a barber!"

"May thy tongue turn into a scorpion and bite three!" I cried. "My abode is as clean as the palace of the khedive! Thou hast never entered it, thy gnat's egg! Thou hast hidden in I know not what hole, like the unclean insect thou art, until thy steward (may his beard grow backward and smother him!) informed thee of this! O Allah! (to whom be ascribed all might and glory) give me strength to move this accursed box that I may crush him!"

Scarce had I uttered the last word, when a girl came running into the apartment, crying: "Fly, my master! O my mistress! The wall! the wall!" Upon hearing these words, my rage departed from me and in its place came excessive fear. My breath left my body and my heart ceased to beat.

"He that falleth in the dirt be trodden on by camels," I reflected. "It is



not enough, O Es-Samit, that thou hast suffered the attack of the assassin; that thou hast all but died of fear at the door of the wall's house; that thou hast been torn from the arms of the loveliest creature God hath created; thou art destined now, O most unfortunate of men, to be detected by the wall in his daughter's apartments, concealed in a box!"

And I pronounced the Takbir, crying: "O Allah! thy ways are inscrutable!"

"Fly, my beloved!" cried Julianar to Ahzab. "My women will conceal thee!" Whereupon she swooned and fell upon the floor senseless.

"Quick! follow me closely, O my master!" cried the girl, and I heard my perfidious brother depart from the room by one door, as the wall entered by another.

"Ah!" cried the wall, clapping his hands. "Slaves! what is this?

And people came running to his command; some carrying out the lady Julianar to her sleeping apartment, and sprinkling rose-water upon her, and some remaining.

"What is in this box upon the divan?" demanded the wall. "Bring it hither and open it!"

At that I knew that I was lost, and my soul as good as departed, and I bade farewell to life and invoked Mohammed (whom may God preserve) to intercede for me that I might die an easy death.

The chest was dragged into the middle of the floor and thrown open.

"Name of my mother!" exclaimed the wall. "It is Ahzab the Merchant. It is the villain who hath presumed to make love to my daughter; O Allah! my daughter hath disgraced me! By the beard of the prophet, I can no more hold up my head among honest men!"

And he slapped his face and plucked his beard, and fell insensible upon the floor. As he did so I leaped from the box and would have escaped, but two blacks seized me; and the noise, or the refreshing quality of the rose-water with which the women were sprinkling him, revived the wall, who recovered, fixing upon me a terrible gaze.

"Oh, thou dog!" he said; "thou who hast wrought my disgrace! As thou didst enter my house in yonder box, in yonder box shalt thou quit the world! Cast him back again, fasten the box with ropes, and throw it into the Nile at nightfall!"

I was thrown into the box; the lid closed upon me, ropes bound about the box, and the seal of the wall affixed to it. Negroes carried it out

Even as I spoke something stayed the onward progress of the box. It was a fisherman's net! And the fishermen began to draw me into the boat, I praising Allah the while.

But when they had the box upon the edge of the boat and heard my voice proceeding from within, and saw the wall's seal upon the lid—"By the heard of the prophet!" cried one, "this is some evil ginn or magician whom the wall hath imprisoned in this chest! Allah avert the omen! Cast him back!"

A great groan issued from my bosom as I was consigned again to the Nile.

Allah is great, and it was not written that I should perish in that manner. For another current now seized upon the box, and just as I was on the point of dissolution, cast it upon a projecting bank, where it was perceived by a band of four robbers, who derived a livelihood from plundering such vessels as lay unprotected in the river.

These waded out and dragged the

## A Tale of Secret Egypt By Sax Rohmer

and threw it into some cellar to await nightfall.

I became insensible. How long I remained so I know not, but I was awakened by a knocking at the lid of the box, and the voice of the wall spoke, saying:

"Prepare to die, oh, wretch! for my servants are about to convey thee to the river and cast thee in! Thou dog! who didst presume to raise thine eyes to my daughter!"—know that this is the reward of such malefactors; for assuredly if thou escapist alive, thou wed Julianar!"

I was borne down a long flight of steps and onward in I know not what direction.

And I commanded my soul to Allah as the box was swung to and fro and hurled through the air. With a sound in my ears as of the shrieking of ten thousand efreets, I was plunged into the water!

Far under the surface I went and knew all the agonies of dissolution; but the box was strongly and cunningly made and rose again; then it began to fill and sink once more, and again I tasted all of the final pangs. Throughout all this time, a strong current was bearing the box along, and presently, as for the fiftieth occasion, I was seeking to die and to end my misery, I heard voices.

"Oh, Allah!" I cried, "if it be thy will, grant that these persons whose voices I hear take pity upon my unfortunate condition and draw me forth."

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box ashore. I was too near my end to have spoken had I desired to speak, but through my unfortunate adventure with the fishermen I had learned that silence was wisdom, now as always. Thus I lay in the box, like a dog that has been all but drowned, and listened to the words of my rescuers.

These were arguing respecting the contents and value of the box, one holding this opinion and another that. One, who seemed to be their leader, was about to unfasten the ropes, but another claimed that this was his due. So, from angry words, they fell to blows, and by the grace of God (whose name be exalted) they drew their knives, and three of the four were slain. The fourth removed the ropes and opened the box, thinking to enjoy, alone, the treasures which he supposed it to contain.

Whereupon I arose and looked up to where Canopus shone, and said:

"There is no God but God! Praise be to Allah, who has preserved me from an unfortunate and unseemly end!"

At that the robber, with wild cries of fear, turned and ran, and I saw him no more. Such a bountiful patron, is the disgraceful story of the dog Ahzab, my seventh and twin brother. But all that which I endured happened by fate and destiny, and from that which is written there is no escape nor flight.

Our worthy host (concluded Hasan) laughed heartily at this story, saying:

"O Es-Samit, it is evident to me that thy paucity of speech alone preserved thee from drowning! But acquaint us, I beg, with the fate of thy beautiful Pomegranate Flower."

"O glory of beholders!" replied the barber, "by the mouth of the girl who was in Julianar's confidence—Ahzab, that shame of mules, learned, whilst in hiding, how the Wall had said in the presence of many witnesses: 'Assuredly if thou escapist alive thou shalt wed Julianar.'"

"Tell me that he had the effrontery to demand the fulfillment of a pledge so spoken, O Es-Samit?"

"Alas!" replied the barber; with tears pouring like rain down the wrinkles of his aged cheek, "he lived with her the most joyous, and most agreeable, and most comfortable, and most pleasant life, until they were visited by the terminator of delights and the separator of companions!"

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## THE VICTORY AT SEA

(Continued from First Page.)

brave men at the stern exposed to the fire, every minute raging more fiercely, and to the likelihood of a terrific explosion. That he was able to make this decision, relying confidently upon the spirit of his crew and their loyal devotion to their leader, again illustrates the iron discipline which was maintained on the mystery ship.

The first explosion had destroyed the voice tube by means of which Capt. Campbell communicated with his gun crew. He therefore had to make his decision without keeping his men informed of the progress of events—information very helpful to men under such a strain; but he well knew that these men would understand his action and cheerfully accept their role in the game. Yet the agony of their position tested their self-control to the utmost. The deck on which they lay every moment became hotter; the leather of their shoes began to smoke, but they refused to budge—for to flee to a safer place meant revealing themselves to the submarine and thereby betraying their secret. They took the boxes of cordite shells in their arms and held them up as high as possible above the smoldering deck, in the hope of preventing an explosion which seemed inevitable. Never did Christian martyrs, stretched upon a gridiron, suffer with greater heroism.

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It was probably something of a relief when the expected explosion took place. The submarine had to go only 200 yards more to be under the fire of three guns at a range of 400 yards, but just as it was rounding the stern the German officers and men, standing on the deck, were greeted with a terrific roar. Suddenly a conglomeration of men, guns and unexploded shells was hurled into the air. The German crew, of course, had believed that the vessel was a deserted hulk, and this sudden manifestation of life on board not only tremendously startled them, but threw them into a panic.

The four-inch gun and its crew was blown high into the air, the gun landing forward on the well deck, and the crew in various places. One man fell in the water; he was picked up, not materially the worse for his

experience, by the Dunraven's lifeboat, which, all this time, had been drifting in the neighborhood. It is one of the miracles of this war that not one of the other members of the crew was killed. The gashed and bleeding bodies of several were thrown back upon the deck; but there was none so seriously wounded that they did not recover. In the minds of these men, however, their own sufferings were not the most distressing consequences of the explosion; the really unfortunate fact was that the sudden appearance of men and guns in the air informed the Germans that they had to deal with one of the ships which they so greatly dreaded. The game, so far as the Dunraven was concerned, was apparently up. The submarine vanished under the water, and the Englishmen well knew that the next move would be the firing of the torpedo which could confidently be expected to end the Q-boat's career. Some of the crew who were not incapacitated got a hose and attempted to put out the fire while others removed their wounded comrades to as comfortable quarters as could be found.

Presently the wake of the torpedo could be seen approaching the ship; the explosion that followed was a terrible one. The concussion of the previous explosion had set off the "open-fire" buzzers at the gun positions—these buzzers being the usual signals for dropping the false work that concealed the guns and beginning the fight. The result was that, before the torpedo had apparently given the Dunraven its quietus, all the remaining guns were exposed with their crews. Capt. Campbell now decided to fight to the death. He sent out a message notifying all destroyers and other anti-submarine craft, as well as all merchant ships, not to approach within thirty miles. A destroyer, should she appear, would force the German to keep under water, and thus prevent the Dunraven from getting a shot.

\* \* \*

Another merchant ship on the horizon might prove such a tempting bait to the submarine that it would abandon the Dunraven, now clearly done for—all on fire at one end as she was

and also sinking from her torpedo wound—and so prevent any further combat. For the resourceful Capt. Campbell had already formulated another final plan by which he might entice the submarine to rise within range of his guns. To carry out this plan, he wanted plenty of sea room and no interference; so he drew a circle in the water, with a radius of thirty miles, inclosing the space which was to serve as the "prize ring" for the impending contest.

His idea was to fall in with the German belief that the Dunraven had reached the end of her tether. A hastily organized second "panic party" jumped into a remaining lifeboat and raft and rowed away from the sinking and burning ship. Here was visible evidence to the Germans that their enemies had finally abandoned the fight after nearly four hours of as frightful grueling as any ship had ever received. But there were still two guns that were concealed and workable. There were, as already said, two torpedo tubes, one on each beam, and a handful of men were kept on board to man these. Meanwhile Capt. Campbell lay prone on the bridge looking through a peephole for the appearance of the submarine, constantly talking to his men through the tubes, even joking them on their painful vigil.

"If you know a better 'ole,' he would say, quoting Bairnsfather, 'go to it!'

"Remember, lads," he would call at another time, "that the king has given this ship the V. C."

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## The Way to Rise.

A SEA captain was talking about the English admiral, Lord Fisher.

"I once asked Lord Fisher," he said, "what he attributed his rapid rise to."

"To power of initiative," Lord Fisher answered promptly.

"Power of initiative, my lord? And I scratched my head. How would you define power of initiative?"

"Disobeying orders," said Lord Fisher.